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important list of biblical, religious and legendary subjects Legros has done enough in the vein familiarized to us by the works of Millet and of Jules Breton to rank among the foremost men of the French rustic school. "Les Vagabonds de Montrouge" shows his peculiar feeling for this sort of subject. In the dismal plain of Montrouge, in the suburbs of Paris, two outcasts, a man and a woman, with a handcart full of tools and household implements, are about to enter a building in course of construction, where they may find a partial shelter for the night. In "The Fishermen's Wives" four unhappy women at the foot of a crucifix mounted on a ruined wall look out to the sea veiled with rain and agitated by a rising storm. In "Le Mouton Retrouvé," the sheep is dead when the shepherd finds it in a gloomy landscape among rough stone walls and ragged poplars. Of "Le Mort du Vagabond" the name tells the story.

His attempts in landscape have the same intense melancholy more rational than Méryon's, more profound than Breton's. He is fond of winter scenery, as what true etcher is not? Bare twigs, streams frozen or overflowing their banks, foregrounds water-worn and rutted, occur again and again. "Le Paysage Broussailleux" is a winter evening landscape with to the left a wood and a solitary group of leafless trees; in the horizon a tall chimney from which smoke is rising; to the right a vineyard with a few gnarled apple-trees and a figure of a man who is engaged in keeping alive a small fire with dry branches and leaves. The "Banlieue de Paris" is crossed from right to left by a wall, behind which a group of plastered houses with tall chimney-stacks rise irregularly. It is what Victor Hugo would call a sinister landscape.

Legros has done considerable work in lithography, mostly of a pot-boiling nature, but full of genius, as are the lithographs of Prudhon, of Delacroix and of many other great artists who, when the art first became popular, found paying work in it. Altogether, though his paintings are few and though he has made little use of the powers of reproduction of the arts which he has most cultivated, his industry has enabled him to produce such a quantity of work that the next generation is likely to know more of him than the present.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

VEDDER'S DRAWINGS—FRENCH'S STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD AND DALLIN'S PAUL REVERE—MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

AT last, after the proper preparation of paragraphing—with paragraphs personal, paragraphs confidential, paragraphs promissory nine months after date, paragraphs mysterious yet meaningful, paragraphs of the near approach of the marvel, and finally, paragraphs of its actual presence, waiting behind the curtain for the private view—Boston has an exhibition of Vedder's drawings for the illustrations of the Oriental poet, Omar Khayyâm. You know Vedder and you know these drawings by the photographs shown at the Tile Club last winter and by the samples engraved for The Century's recent article. There is little need for me, then, to expatiate on the weird invention, the daring fancy, the well-simulated exaltation and vision-seeing in these latest characteristic productions of the most enterprising of our National Academicians. You have seen his fates casting their nets of clouds among "other worlds than ours;" his recording angel surrounded with pleading, uplifted hands; his angel of death giving of his Lethe draft to the drowsy dying one held tenderly in his embrace; his poet listening to the complaints of the misshapen pottery; his lovely youth learning what the wise can never tell him from the murmur of a sea-shell; his beauteous maiden beneath a budding rose-tree with broken sculpture and a skull at her feet; his phantoms, both of light and of darkness; his singing bird upon a skull; his scattered petals upon a swirling tide; his barred sunsets and rolling night clouds; his phantom caravan of innumerable millions ever pressing forward over the threshold of death, with various degrees of wonder, surprise, dread or horror on their countenances, among which countenances is Vedder's own to the fore. Well, here we have the originals of those photographs. They average about 12 x 18 in size, and have been executed in crayon on tinted drawing-paper with touches of Chinese white and black. For the

purposes of the book-making of which they are a part they have been reduced to the size of 9 x 11. The reproduction is done by a gelatine-photographic process and the printing by hand. It seems that the whole fifty-six drawings were done by Mr. Vedder in a year's time, he having gone to Rome in 1882 for the purpose. This rapidity of production is evidence that he has either been meditating for a longer time on some such work, or that he knew where to go for ideas and suggestions in Rome. That overflowing storehouse of old art, is rich in material for the clever eclectic mind of a smart Yankee like Mr. Vedder. Not only the old paintings and frescoes, but still better the old books with their quaint engravings, and the ancient missals and their illuminated margins and title-pages crowded with long-dead monks' morbid fancies, are a rich mine to delve in, and there is little risk of anybody's rising out of this dust of ages to claim a cribbed fancy in skulls or angels or serpents.

Vedder has dealt in the human love of the marvelous from the beginning of his artistic success. A generation and more ago, his Sea Serpent, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, fairly set the world agog, not only in our dear America, where art was almost as unknown as Buddhism thirty years ago, but even in England. Column on column of gushy speculation was written on the expression of the eye of this colossal eel—what it told of the preadamite world, and what it dreamed of the coming modern man. Meanwhile Mr. Vedder must, of course, have been "tickled to death" and resolved to give the public all it would take of these sublimated fairy-tale pictures. Beautiful as his drawing always is, strong as is his sustained supernaturalism, artistic as his composition and treatment may be, there is still something of a false ring to it all. One does not feel that he believes in it himself as the inspired madman Blake did, or even as the posing Pre-Raphaelites of England believe in their consecration to far-fetched subjects and æsthetic "agony." No doubt Vedder is far from thrusting his tongue into his cheek as he works nowadays, as he may have done when he made the Sea Serpent and the Genius of the Fisherman; there are a true grace and a tender feeling in many of the figures and faces that he draws, and a delicate, but genuine sentiment that can come only from sincerity and elevation of purpose. But it does not go any deeper after all, with all its superiority of execution, than the old mediæval illuminations went. There is no tormenting, unfathomable mystery in Vedder's art on which to feed as there is in the oddities and weirdities of the Rossetti and Burne-Jones school. But if it is superficial, it is more healthy and natural as well as better technically, and it will serve the excellent purpose of helping to lead on and upward toward the idealism which is the true realm of art, both our public and our artists.

Daniel C. French's statue of John Harvard, or, rather, the ideal figure which he has made to do duty as a statue of the founder of Harvard College, for there is no portrait or personal description of him extant, is a noble addition to the art treasures of this community. The first thing to strike one pleasantly about it is the youthful but manly beauty with which the artist has dowered the founder. He might have made him a grim old dominie, but he has sculptured a typical youth of the university. He sits in his academic robes and cap with a serene meditative expression upon his beautifully cut countenance, and the whole is redolent of "sweetness and light" playing like an aureole around a solid character of earnestness and strength.

A still later triumph of local art is the model for the statue of Paul Revere, by young Dallin. C. E. Dallin arrived in Boston, five or six years ago, drawn hither by the announcement of T. H. Bartlett, the sculptor, that he would receive pupils in modelling for free tuition. Mr. Dallin is the son of a Utah miner, and as a child was accustomed to play at making images out of the clay found at the bottom of the mine in which his father was employed. His progress in Bartlett's atelier here, was rapid, and ere long he was exhibiting and selling ideal and portrait busts of small size. Now he has achieved a masterpiece of heroic size, for it seems as though no committee, even allowing for the proverbial wrong-headedness of the average committee could go so far wrong as not to accept and put in bronze this fine model. Revere was the

Boston patriot whom Longfellow has immortalized as the midnight messenger, who gave the alarm to every Middlesex village and farm when the British troops went out to Concord and Lexington to destroy the military stores gathered by the colonials. The young artist has performed that wonder, a new pose in an equestrian statue. He represents the horseman leaning far back in his saddle as he sharply reins in his steed. His face is full of excitement and appeal to the imaginary patriots, whom he called to the roadside. But the easy, flowing grace of the natural and unconventional attitude into which the sudden checking of the horse has thrown him is its great characteristic and success. Special value and significance attach to this triumph of the young American artist in the fact that it has been reached without any training in or even a trip to Europe.

A very young artist has just made his public debut in a couple of portraits of Cambridge celebrities, which have the strength of a master's hand. Mr. Alfred Collins, five years ago, was a bank clerk. He then astonished a circle of admiring artists by displays of a rich gift of color. Returning a year ago from an apprenticeship in Paris ateliers, especially in Bonnat's, he has produced at least two portraits that would easily take rank with the strongest and best of American productions. He paints not merely the surface, but the solid bulk, and not only the likeness, but the character of the sitter. His work sparkles with individuality and vitality, and while faithful in detail is broad and free in handling.

There is a fine collection of photographs of Rossetti's and Burne-Jones's works at the Museum here, which is being devoutly studied by the æsthetes among us. The sympathetic and receptive can see very well, what this school is driving at, and how far it falls short of its endeavor through lack of technical competency, through the lack of that which "comes by nature," and not by dedication or aspiration, or yearning, no matter how "intense" the yearning may be. A single figure by Watts, among the stiff damozels and ill-made men of Jones and Rossetti, glows like a real flower in a garland of tissue-paper roses.

The first exhibition of the season here by a single artist, is that of Prosper L. Senat, of his clever, crisp, landscape work, both in oil and water-colors, done on the Maine coast during the past summer. There are also two exhibitions of prints in progress, one at the St. Botolph Club, and the other at a dealer's. A novelty in art-dealers' exhibitions, by the way, is a collection of fine old mahogany furniture, with many pieces of Chippendale in it. But the best of the art shows wait like everything else for the absorption in politics to subside.

BOSTON, November 6, 1884

GRETA.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE Fifty-fifth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, opened October 30th. It suggests to me very forcibly the justice of the remarks by Frank D. Millet, in his recent article in Harper's Magazine on Art Competitions, on the need of positive discouragement to novices who have not yet mastered the elementary principles of drawing. The number of actually bad pictures in this collection is disgracefully large.

Speaking of Millet, reminds me, that his excellent portrait of his artist friend, George W. Maynard, is in the exhibition. Charles Sprague Pearce is represented by two very good pictures—"La Prière" the kneeling girl, illustrated in THE ART AMATEUR, and "En Picardie," a young girl with a basket and hoe returning from labor in the field. Thomas Eakins, who, as the head of the Academy's instructive department, ought to set a good example both by exhibiting more than he does and by exhibiting more important works than he has been in the habit of doing of late, contributes a little landscape, and the "Zither Player," shown at the Thomas B. Clarke collection in New York last spring. Then there is J. H. Caliga's "Flaw in the Title" with its nice painting and its well-told story. In quite another vein is the set of four little pictures in one frame by Henry Thouron, entitled "Etruria." These, like Mr. Caliga's pictures are from the Munich International Exhibition of 1883. Mr. Thouron describes them as a decorative study in